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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Theft-violence-flood must be suppressed for good.

October is proving itself a month of exquisite taste in weather.

It looks more and more like OLYMPIAD and STAMBOUL every day.

Jealousy and the revolver again. What shall cure the pistol habit?

The voice of the people: Keep the World's Fair gates ajar on Sunday.

Chairman HACKNEY's chief difficulty in defending his letter is that it is indefensible.

Miss DUBOIS's capacity for materialization is undiminished as the years roll by.

Chicago has had her day of triumph. Now the World's Fair belongs to the whole nation.

Among the checks needed for the Republican campaign is one on HACKNEY's confidential circulars.

A week from to-day will be the last chance to register. Were the voters who took the first chance.

Snake-charming should lose something of its charm after "Prof." JOHNSON's misadventure with that museum box.

DRAWN's Chicago speech will hardly be circulated by the Republican National Committee as a campaign document.

A city postman, long suffering from insupportable disease, dies while on his daily round. Death's special delivery, this.

Through Kentucky spec it looks like 74,000 plurality for CLEVELAND in New York. Now to see what prophets those Colonels be.

It is not necessary for JOHN I. DAYTON to appear before the Congressional Committee. His appearance before his fellow-countrymen is a painful spectacle.

"Run over by a Harlem train." This is the way it reads in a morning contemporary which occasionally boasts of a knowledge of English as she should be written.

The proposition is made to give the name of Columbus Square to the plaza at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth street. New York is always ready to do the square thing by Columbus.

Burglars in a Boston suburb were arrested while they still had only their eyes on a bank safe. This was much better than waiting till they had their hands on the treasure.

The intelligence of the Republican party is shown by the large number of Republicans who do not believe that the country can grow rich by taxing itself and who propose to vote against the representatives of McKinleyism.

Cutting their harness is getting to be quite a favorite pastime among the mounted British guardsmen. Does it mean that these soldiers of the Queen could be persuaded, by a little more bulldozing on the part of overbearing officers, into quite slipping their traces?

English papers are reported as giving little attention to the Columbian celebrations. Yet the discovery brought about by the famous Genoa has brought about,

In the course of time, very many events of more than passing interest to our British cousins.

HELP TO CRUSH DAVENPORTISM.

It will be difficult to convince an observant public that self-respecting Republicans in their inmost souls, enjoy the reign of Davenportism. Or that it is not a cruel test of their party fealty to make them endure it. But if it is such a test, the afflicted parties have stood it bravely for a long time. The question now is as to how long the people in general are going to remain passive under this long continued abuse.

In its manifestation of the present hour, that of house to house visitation, Davenportism assumes what seems at first glance its most innocent guise. Really it is at the height of impudent assumption. The visitation is declared to be in the interests of a pure election. Bosh! the very nature of the questions propounded at the doors of various dwellings where DAVENPORT'S emissaries appear, shows that the interests looked to are not popular, but partisan.

The law allows official questions as to the qualifications of men who are registered as voters. It does not authorize inquiries nor require answers as to the political affiliations of any voter. Many people answer such questions in good faith, believing that they must do so. Others answer them as the easiest way to get rid of the questioner. Still others are too patient and long-suffering to raise an objection. For these people there are some words of admonition which should be potent: Don't answer. If you do, you are encouraging a piece of political trickery which is meant, in the end to serve purposes of political corruption. You are helping to show an unbecoming campaign fighter who to most effectively deploy his guerrillas.

It is a higher than partisan duty to help crush Davenportism.

A LOCAL SENSATION RECALLED.

With the news of the death of EX-SHERIFF FLACK's second wife, the "SARAH CHERRY" of the Flack trial, there is brought back to public mind a case which has figured among the most striking and, in many ways, most painful of all local sensations. Not purely local, either, for the story went far and wide and was interesting everywhere. It is rarely that a relation of events in real life involves so many elements upon which morbid curiosity may feed.

As a story of wrongful infatuation, the Flack case bore such a weight of warning as only powerful truths could bear. And from one source and another, as the case progressed, came astonishing revelations of men's schemings to mislead the high privileges of a court and to abuse those of official record. Add to these things the fact of the sudden withdrawal of a certain which had bidden the astounding private life of a man whose career in office had alone been public before, and the combination is complete.

It was all a most notable piece of history. Yet it will sink again and rapidly from the popular mind, and it may be long years before another event occurs to resurrect its memory. It will be well so.

COURTING BY PROXY.

A Rochester scandal is on display in one of the Rochester courts. The principal point in it is that a husband is using his mother-in-law and a third party for alienating his wife's affections. The funny part of it is that the wife says she never loved her husband, and that her parents did all the courting for her.

There is something aboriginal in this way of making a family beginning. Of course, it saved the young lady lots of time and the young man some expense. It may, too, have saved gas and coal and wear and tear of parlor furniture for the old folk; but the barometrical barbarity of it is enough to make us throw our swimmers out of the window and turn our backs upon Ella Wheeler Wilcox forever.

That Rochester girl must be a freak. There is no New York or Brooklyn girl who would put up with such a preposterous thing as having her mother do all her love-making at home and her dad do all her ecstaticating at the sizzling soda fountain. The idea is ridiculous. A girl might, with as good a show of reason, let her parents chew her tutti frutti for her or break her new Autumn bonnet in by wearing it to church for the first few times.

Capt. LAWSON, who sailed from Boston for Europe in a twelve-foot boat, is believed to be lost. Strange that foolhardy adventurers are not subject to the law covering attempted suicides. Such experiments are of no benefit to science or the human race, and if successful are less than a nine days' wonder.

It is a monstrous law which renders it obligatory for citizens to answer certain questions propounded by DAVENPORT'S minions, but there is no law on earth which compels you to state your political preferences, and such a question can be treated as an insult.

Considering the peculiar atrocity of his crime and the overwhelming evidence against him, it is not surprising that the jury in the case of POISONER NATHAN found him guilty after only five minutes' deliberation. The surprising part is that they did not render a verdict without leaving their seats.

A correspondent in a Republican organ says coal is cheaper since the McKinley bill became a law. If he will furnish the address of his coal dealer he will confer a boon upon thousands of his fellow-men.

Civil Justice LACHMAN, in a suit against the Standard Gas Company, has rendered a decision that naphtha is not an explosive. This will be news to chemists.

The tea crop is said to be unusually small this year, and society is wondering how it will affect the 5 o'clock receptions.

A Considerate Corporation.
(From the New York Weekly.)
Irate Passenger (who has managed to board a car that didn't stop—say, suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg, then what?—conductor kindly?) You wouldn't have to do any more jumping! Then, we alter stops for a man with a crutch.

THE CLEANER.

Since deserting the ranks of amateur Theatricals and entering the broader professional field where his talents have won flattering recognition, James J. Hackett, or "Jim," as he is familiarly known among his friends of the Manhattan Athletic Club, has been making big strides along the high road to success. He made his first hit shortly after joining A. M. Palmer's company last Spring by taking the leading role in "The Broken Seal" at twenty-four hours' notice, and interpreting it so admirably that most of the audience did not know that it was not Mr. Stoddard, the star of the company, who was playing the part. Then he was engaged as the leading actor of Lotka's company, whose season has been unfortunately broken up by his serious illness. Since the disbandment of the company Mr. Hackett has become a member of Mr. Daly's little circle of artists, and the public will undoubtedly hear from him later on.

I hear that Addison F. Andrews, well known in journalistic circles and a popular man about town, has become an impresario. Mr. Andrews has always taken an active interest in the musical profession and was one of the organizers of the Manuscript Society. He now devotes himself entirely to looking after the affairs of popular prima donnas and high C tenors.

Sir Arthur Sullivan says there is nothing like a railway car for composing operatic melodies, the shaking up one gets being a great mental stimulant. If young and ambitious composers on this side of the water would patronize Col. Elliott F. Shepard's Fifth Avenue stages regularly, America might become one of the greatest operatic producing countries in the world.

Henry Villard is one of the familiar spirits of Wall Street in these days. Besides being a diplomatic financier he is an astute politician, and a good share of his work at the present time is in connection with the coming Presidential election. He is one of the important mainstays of the Democratic National Committee.

I saw ex-Secretary Blaine in Madison Square a few days ago, and do not wonder that he has limited himself to a single speech in the present campaign. He has aged perceptibly since he withdrew from President Harrison's Cabinet, and his step is hesitating and feeble. He looks like a man who has lost all interest in life and its affairs.

Carl Schurz is a cultivated musician, and the works of the masters are as familiar to him as politics and affairs of state. One of his favorite recreations is to sit at his piano for hours with the music of Beethoven, Handel, or Mozart cravelling about his hands and feet with his old friends, as he calls them. He is a skilful instrumentalist, and he finds this occupation a rest to both mind and body.

The appearance of a big brown thrush in City Hall Park this morning attracted a crowd of over two hundred persons, who watched the graceful movements of the bird with great curiosity. He was even more tame than a sparrow, and hopped about the feet, picking up worms and bugs within two or three feet of the crowd without the slightest sign of fear. A man crept under the wire fence and crawled about his hands and knees, attempting to snare the little fellow in his hat, but the bird only hopped a few feet away and went on with his breakfast unconcerned, while the crowd jeered at the intruder. He was quickly spied by a "Sparrow Copper," who hailed him out by the tails of his coat and sent him about his business, speckled breast and all, in peace.

Then disappeared over the Court-House in the direction of Central Park.

WORLDLINGS.

The population of Greenland has increased 5 percent. in the last ten years. It is a curious fact that the women outnumber the men very greatly, especially in South Greenland.

Great Britain has eighty-eight warships, of which twenty are battle ships of the first class.

Dentists put \$1,000,000 in gold into the teeth of Americans every year.

The highest lakes in the world are in the Himalayas in Tibet, where there are some bodies of water as high as 20,000 feet above the level of the sea.

There were 1,350 houses destroyed by the recent great fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, and 10,334 people burned out.

No Doubt.

Mrs. Hicks—This paper tells about a woman who stepped on a needle two weeks ago, and yesterday it came out of her tongue.
Hicks—Worked out, I suppose.

He Was Well Off.

(From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.)
Came to my wife in a room at me and hasn't spoken to me in four days.
Fangle—Shake, old fellow! You always were a lucky dog.

A Good Enough Reason.

(From Truth.)
Spats—Why do you always call your bar-ber "Legal Tender?"
Hoo-bumper—Because legal tender is money, and "money talks."

Repairs.

waste,
maintains
warmth.

H-O Hornby's Oatmeal

Supplies energy, furnishes sustenance, and these in a degree done by no other food.

A PRIMA DONNA'S HEN FARM.

Farmers Go Miles to See Jessie Bartlett Davis's Chickens.

It Has a True Glass Sun Parlor and an Ornamental Root.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, the contralto of the "Bostonians" and owner and proprietor of a fancy hen-house that chicken farmers "come miles to see," occupied a box the other evening with friends at Palmer's Theatre.

Mrs. Davis is uncommonly pretty. Nobody who knows anything about the root and smoke and the west winds of Chicago can understand how she manages to keep the color and freshness of her complexion. A stranger, to look at her, would take her for an English girl.



JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

She is superbly built, small boned, but plump, and the very embodiment of perfect health. Her hair is a beautiful brown, she is well dressed, fair, with light-brown hair, bright blue eyes and splendid white teeth. But unlike them she is quick-witted, warm-hearted, positive, impulsive, animated and natural.

She has no earthly use for DeLorme systems, or so-called "correct" usages of society, which she claims take the natural grace out of the body and the natural intelligence out of the soul. She does things on the spur of the moment and stretches points to make people comfortable. One day last summer she gave a \$50 bill to a poor mother to keep her sick baby supplied with fresh milk. Although conventional, she is not too conventional to applaud a good piece of work or a good song by a street singer.

Instead of saving the flowers and kind words for the obsequies she sends them and writes them to her friends while they are alive. During his private life Jessie Bartlett Davis was one of Gen. Sherman's pet girls. The old warrior kissed her well, she refuses to tell how many times she has been the guest of the Grand Army of the Potomac in the West. The Davis family was always near the head of the table, and for every story there was a song and for every song a button or a badge or some other souvenir now being treasured for a small fair-haired, blue-eyed boy.

Mrs. Davis is busy studying the new opera "Knickerbockers," by Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven, which is to be produced by the Bostonian company next month. She sings the role of a Puritan girl, who is weak enough to let her first sip of champagne go to her head.

"I am curious to see Miss Adams," she said last evening. "I have heard so much about her tipsey scene. Men, women and critics have praised it, and it must be good. But then she is such a dainty, graceful, pretty little creature that she couldn't be clumsy or rough at all."

"Oh dear," and then she sighed.

"That hen-house will drive me into the poor-house unless it turns up or is struck by lightning. I have had it about a year and it is the most costly building on the farm. Mr. Davis says that all the comforts of our home are in the chicken coop. I tell him I believe he is jealous of his own hens. He used to bite hard when we had fried chicken for breakfast. Now he won't touch the meat in any form—soup, pot-pie, croquettes, salad or roast. Mercy knows I haven't been extravagant."

"I don't like the hen-house architect who runs up the bill who is no longer bankrupting us. I just make suggestions to him, and the next thing I know a tremendous bill comes in for cut glass chickens' drinking-cups."

It may be as well to explain right here, for the benefit of the readers, that nothing just like the Jessie Bartlett hen-house (Mr. Davis is jealous of his own hens) ever was conceived by the most enthusiastic chicken culturist, even in his wildest moods. It is a two-story structure with a swell front on every side, and all the modern improvements—private baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, hard-wood floors, croquet tubes, step-ladders, with carpet and oilcloth and steam heat. The house has three departments—root, nest and nursery. The nursery, which is used as a sun parlor in winter when the spring chickens are ready for cream gravy, is under blue glass. Pictures of champion fighting-cocks and blue-ribbon hens are kept on the side wall, and here, too, a bulletin is kept of the record-breaking layers and hatchers. Window-boxes planted with geraniums, heliotropes, pepper grass and chickweed, potted palms and moss-tinted hanging baskets contribute greatly to the enjoyment of the birds.

The roosting pavilion has blue Holland shades on the windows, for early closing, and the perches, for the hens that don't care to sleep on spring mattresses, are of carved wood.

These ornamental roosting rods were Mrs. Davis's idea. They cost the family several dollars a foot and came near dislocating the jaws of household happiness.

The fair contralto has considerable of a library, including some rare and remarkable publications on chicken farming as a fine art. After long and thoughtful study it occurred

to her that the mortality of young chickens might be reduced by using carved hard wood perches. The more carving the better, she argued, for it would take the pip and other insects that prey on infant roosters, a long time to get round. Many of her old perches show an aversion to the art work, but the new generation takes rather kindly to it.

Another innovation was a hanging nest, lined with lamb's wool. For reasons of their own the imported hens refused to patronize it. Now the old-fashioned style is used, but the motherly birds have out-glass water-bottles and decorated china sets for their feed.

"How many chickens have I now? About 150. Our farm is a forty minutes' trip from Chicago. There are only three trains a day. Last summer we had a great many visitors. We lost about sixteen chickens a day."

"Pip? Not consumption, rapid and ravenous consumption. Our friends came to see the chicken-house, and they remained long enough to reduce a flock of 500 to 150. But that's what chickens are for."

Speaking about various places on the route, Mrs. Davis said:

"The funniest thing occurred in Buffalo last week."

"The company was staying at the Iroquois Hotel. The dining-room has a tiled floor, and one of Mr. Barnabee's weaknesses is dancing on tiles, particularly when they are a little loose. Mrs. Barnabee, my sister, and I were at breakfast and waiting for him. It was his first appearance in the restaurant, and about sixty people were having their coffee or lunch when he came in. Well, the moment he stepped on the floor, a tile or two gave, and the impulse that seized him set his feet flying and I never saw him dance before. His wife knew that if he tried to stop him he would perish, just to tease her, and so she smiled and said nothing, but frowned whenever he looked our way. The head waiter thought he was crazy until he began to sing jig music and dance round him. The guests put down their knives and forks and laughed and applauded while their coffee and chops grew cold. When he had gone over the floor and had all the fun he wanted with the loose tiles he stopped, seated himself and ate his breakfast with all the affected severity and mannerisms of a senior vestryman. Mr. Barnabee's comedy of the stage is a public joke."

"It is the sort, too, that cannot be forced or figured on. You never know when to expect it and he will not be displayed. He is passionately fond of children, and in the house when he is wanted no one ever goes to the smoking or reading room to look for him. He likes nothing better than the society of a small boy, with a box of building blocks, unless it is two small boys, with a sailboat that needs rigging."

"He is content to sit on his back, Gulliver fashion, and let troops of children walk on him and rifle his pockets. Mr. Barnabee is devoted to him; she calls him her 'dear boy' and the gentle comedian suits her term."

NELL NELSON.

SPICED SCISSORINGS.

In Her Foss and Feathers.
(From the Chicago Post.)
Just now Chicago looks like one of those eras in millinery which a man is sometimes compelled to sit behind in a theatre.

Pushed by the Stars and Stripes.
(From the Water Cure Times.)
Since the City of Paris put up the American flag she has been increasing in speed every trip.

Ab, but He Took the Cake.
(From the Pittsburgh Commercial Appeal.)
Probably the greatest institution of this country that Columbus did not live to enjoy is good, old-fashioned pie.

Not in Registering Without Vesting.
(From the Rochester Democrat.)
Cheering without registering is not of much consequence.

Appreciation of Blackbush.
(From the Pittsburgh Leader.)
Gov. Flower's "blackbush" is becoming popular, and as the American people admire grit above all other qualities, it follows that the Governor of New York is to-day one of the most widely appreciated men in the country.

On the Name Old Hunt.
(From the Chester News.)
The charge is made that Columbus made his voyage solely for gold; and his critics are hailing for the same shining product.

Weather Indecisive in Milwaukee.
(From the Milwaukee Appeal.)
The weather was fine enough to induce a large registration yesterday. Even the girls who wear suspenders were out in profuse numbers.

Or Repeat Quarter's in a Sunset.
(From the Rochester Post-Express.)
The organization of a horse-flesh society shows that Philadelphia is not so slow after all. It's a fact that will sit down to a Nancy Harris steak.

VACANT VERSES.

My Friendly Pipe.
Let cigarettes still dream delightfully,
While smoking cigarettes
Whose outlets set in their pipes
Ch. let them dream of death of woe.
Of trouble, and of free!

And let the cher who loves to nap
With his clear hair
Purse his way and live his day
As time time is changing round
Let him delight by day and night
In his peculiar brand.

But, as for me, I love to be
Provided with a pipe.
A meerschaum in my soul—
A meerschaum in my soul—
With good pipe cut, no stump nor butt
Nor filthy gutter snipe!

My joys increase! It brings me peace
As nothing else can do.
From all the strife of daily life
I here my relief I find.
Watch a steam train, it rages and sings—
And then, it's cheaper, too!

The Walter's Fault.
The coffee-beeper said to waiting guest
"Who of a waiter had good word expressed,
He has one fault that all his worth upsets,
He oft gets tipsy on the tips he gets."

The Newest Style.
Oh, I know her very well!
But I was thought her beautiful
In all the dressy manners that were taking with
her leavens.
Put I never dreamed of finding
Her out walking, and not missing
That she wore her hair curlers on the outside
side of her curls.



Mrs. Potter Palmer.

A lady whose name has been prominent in the newspapers during the Columbus celebration at Chicago, and, indeed, ever since the World's Fair promoters began to call attention to their proposed big show, is Mrs. Bertha Honoré Palmer. She is the wife of Potter Palmer and President of the Lady Board of Managers of the World's Fair. In the latter capacity she has received in nearly all the courts of Europe, and her work has contributed very much to the success that seems to be already assured.



Mrs. Palmer was born in Kentucky and educated in a convent there. She has great linguistic ability and many accomplishments. Close companionship has been said to dispel many pleasant illusions, but a lady (herself a charming woman) who has been intimately associated with Mrs. Palmer in her work on the Board says that she never was a hero worshiper until she was thrown so constantly in the society of the President of the Lady Board of Managers and recognized the remarkable equality of her disposition and her power of self-control under all circumstances.

Emerson and His Wife.

The late Ralph Waldo Emerson had a bit of sentiment in regard to his wife, which, instead of terminating with his life, was, in accordance with his wishes, perpetuated by his widow. About a year after the death of the great philosopher I visited Concord and attended a meeting of the Saturday Evening Club at the Emerson home, just across the road from where I was staying. I was presented to Mrs. Emerson, a placid-looking old lady, whose strong features were softened by the snow-white hair which showed under the tiny square of sheerest muslin which she wore. The strings of this cap were brought together at the back of the head and fastened with a bow of blue ribbon, the exact shade of the larger turquoise brooch which she fastened in front over a plainly made gown of black silk. That brooch and the bow of blue ribbon were the sole bits of color which Mrs. Emerson had worn for so many years that when dying her husband urged his wife, instead of putting them forever out of sight, to wear them in memory of the pleasure he had always experienced when his eyes rested upon them.

Jamballay's.
Wash one pound rice and soak it one hour; cut up a cold roasted chicken (after you have taken the skin off) in small pieces and add one slice of ham fried a little; then chop fine, add the rice, chicken and ham together and pour over it one pint of hot water; put it in a kettle and cover closely; set it where it will stew slowly forty minutes; season with salt and butter.

Green Tomato Pickle.
This sauce or relish, which is a pickle at the same time, comes, like the others, from the South, and, like them, is all that place second to nothing in the world of taste and of piquant flavors. Slice two gallons of green tomatoes unpeeled and twelve good-sized onions, and stew together in weak brine till tender, then strain. Put into a kettle two quarts of vinegar, one quart of sugar, two tablespoonsful of salt, two of ground mustard, two of ground black pepper, one of allspice and one of cloves. When scalding hot add the tomatoes and cook all slowly till you have a perfectly blended whole, stirring often lest they should scorch. Put up in jars or in a tightly covered stone jar, and as soon as the jelly is cold you will find it ready to serve.

Morning Robe and Visiting Dress.
The cashmere morning robe, here shown, is Princess's shape, plaited behind and in front, broad shawl, tied in plaited yoke-shaped collar. Trimming of hands by different color, edged with braid.

Work-Rag Made of a Handkerchief.
The illustration shows a purse-shaped bag made of a small silk handkerchief with checked centre and plain edge. Two edges of this are first sewn together, leaving a small space open in the middle; one end then sewn together plain, and the other gathered up close. Two metal or ivory rings and a bar complete the bag as is shown in the picture.

The Napoleon Curl.
It is now the proper thing to cultivate luxuriant front hair. The bang is no longer popular. In the style shown in the illustration a new departure in hair-dressing is shown. Only one small "Napoleon curl" is left on the forehead.

Geometry Simplified.
It is very easy to demonstrate with quite simple materials, and without calculation, one of the most important theorems of geometry in space, viz., that the surface of a sphere is equal to four times the surface of a great circle. Let us saw any wooden sphere whatever through the centre and let us take one of the halves and lay it flat on a table. The surface of a ball inserted at the pole of the great circle, that is to say, at the point of the hemisphere that is highest when we place the hemisphere upon the table. Let us wind the cord around the ball as it upon a top, so that it shall exactly cover the entire curved surface of the half of the ball that we hold in the hand. Now let us stop and cut the cord at the place where we cut the hemisphere. It has cut the cord in half the ball and a piece of cord of the same thickness as the other. Let us fix its extremity by a nail driven at the centre of the circle (which is a great circle of a sphere, since our saw passed through the centre). Let us wind the cord spirally around the ball in keeping it flat against it. Let us stop when the circle is entirely covered, and cut the cord at the place we terminated. Let us now unwind the two pieces of cord, and we shall find that the piece wound upon the curved surface is double the length of the other. We conclude from this that the surface of the hemisphere is equal to twice the surface of a great circle, and, consequently, that the surface of the entire sphere is quadruple that of a great circle; Q. E. D.

What Mothers Should Do.
As the boys grow up make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere. Let the children make a noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerve. Respect their little secrets; if they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell and patience will probably do its work. Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals and not mere echoes. Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body. Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and have patience with faults and failings. Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered. Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them. Find out what